

The Constant Maidens Resolution: Or Silver and Gold can buy true Love.

Wherein is show'd an old mans fondness, the maidens constancy unto her
dearest Friend, being a rare pattern for all maids to take example by the
same.

To the Tune of, laugh and lye down.



I Am a young Damsel
that's plunged in Love.
And how to remove it
I do not well know:
My friends they wou'd tye me
unto an Old Man,
That has store of Riches
but owe him who can.
Tis not Father nor Mother
my mind shall remove.
For I am resolved
to have him that I love.

Shee lived a spouse Old Man
near unto this Girl,
Who wooed her and sued her
like Lord of yet Carl,
Of wealth he had plenty
in riches did swim.



But by all he'd such daintie
knew not fancy him.
But still she reply'd
my mind shan't remove,
For, &c.

The Old man,
My joy and my Honey
these words then spake he,
If thou wilt but let thy
affection on me,
In Love I will seat thee
worthier a year,
And a wife that's worth twenty
I'll make it appear.
Then be not so coy Love
althow' I am old,
For my love is fervent
and so will hold.



The maid.
H Ad you ne're so much Riches
or ne're so much Gold
You never shall get my
heart in your hold,
For I am resolved
sink or yet swim,
To have the Man I can love
though I do beg with him.
For what joy or what comfort
has any young bride,
To have an old sapling
to lye by her side.

Where their's hauking and spitting
and coughing all night,
Grunting and Groaning
instead of delight:
Scratching and Scrubbing
their Wrinkled Skin,
When Rest should be had
then they'r making a din.
And I wonder such old men
as you cannot see,
But will marry young wenches
a Cuckold to be.

The Old Man.
My Dearest wye dost thou
despise an Old Man,
That will bravely maintain thee
with Wood and Fan:
Gloves, Ribbons and Scarves
thou daily shalt wear,
Larks, Chickens and Capons
it shall be thy fare,
Thou hadst better an
Old Mans darling to be,
Then to marry with one
that will never love thee.

The Maid.
Tis not your Rich dainties
nor your brave attire,
Shall make me to descend
unto your desire

Where my mind cannot sanc
it'll never be tide,
Although every day in my Coah
I might Ride.
No Gold nor yet Silver,
my mind, &c.

The Maid.
Therefore take your answer
and from me depart.
For I cannot love you
with a serious heart:
No Old Mans Darling
I mean for to be,
Cause Old flesh with young flesh
will never agree.
Come wealth or come woo
my mind, &c.

The Old Man.
I Wonder sweet Lady
you should be so strange,
That us Love nor persuasions
your mind it can change:
If you felt but the Torments
the which I abide,
You soon wou'd yield to me
whatever betide.
My hearts so perplexed
all joys from me flye,
To think of thy beauty
I surely shall dye.

The Maid.
Fye leave off your doting
you silly Old Dot,
My beauty's like others
therefore praise it not:
I do not regard you
nor pity your moan,
Because that I have a true
love of my own.
And no man on Earth
my mind, &c.